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The Matrimonial Fog

A Comedy in One Act

By
FLORENCE CLAY KNOX

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BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
1918

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The Matrimonial Fog

CHARACTERS

(*As originally produced by The Waterloo Community Drama League, October 12, 1917.*)

JACK DUNLAP, *a young bachelor* - - - - *Leslie Lewis*
GERALD HOWE, *a young married man* - - *Pressey H. Frank*
AMY, *his wife* - - - - - - - *Florence La Tier*
BILLY, *a bell hop* - - - - - - - *Max Levingston*

SCENE.—At a Country Club.
TIME.—One evening last summer.

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(*As an unpublished dramatic composition.*)

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The Matrimonial Fog

SCENE.—*A secluded corner on the veranda of a Country Club.*[1] *It is a summer evening. On the left an open door and windows reveal a lighted interior. On the right is an entrance supposedly leading to an extension of the veranda and a side entrance, where may be found telephones, messenger boys and other conveniences. Palms and ferns, banked across the back, a string of Japanese lanterns, flowers and music in the distance are unmistakable signs that a dance is going on. The furnishings are informal but luxurious, in keeping with a well-appointed club in summer attire. A little to the right of the center is a wicker davenport, strewn with gay pillows, facing the front diagonally. Just behind this is a floor-lamp with a rose-colored shade which casts a warm glow over the seat. At the left of the center is a wicker table, upon which stands a tall basket of American Beauty roses, and in front of the table a little to the left is a wicker armchair.*

Enter at rise JACK DUNLAP, L. *He is a young bachelor, popular with the married set, good looking, graceful, polished, thirty; a man who loves to disguise serious feeling and real depth of character beneath an air of easy nonchalance, and a never failing sense of humor carries him through every ordeal. He paces back and forth restlessly, looks at his watch and seems to be hesitating between a desire to stay and a determination to go.*

JACK (*to himself*). I'm a fool not to get out of this. (*He takes a coin from his pocket.*) Heads I run, tails I stay. (*He tosses the coin.*) Heads. I run,—so I guess I'll stay. (*He pockets the coin thoughtfully.*)

1 If veranda scenery is not available a room at the club may be substituted with the furniture and doors arranged in the same way.

Enter GERALD HOWE, L. *He is a well-groomed, athletic chap, fairly radiating health and happiness, the type of man who will always be more or less a boy. He takes his wife's love for granted and asks no questions.*

GERALD. Oh, there you are, Jack. Somebody said you wanted to see me.

JACK. Yes, I did—I mean I do. Sit down, won't you, Gerald? Smoke? (*Offers him cigarette case.*)

GERALD (*taking cigarette*). Thanks. (*They light cigarettes.*) I won't sit down, though. I never sit down when I'm dancing.

JACK. Not intentionally, I suppose. Well, I get you all right. Your wind and your legs, Gerry,—Gad, they always were wonders.

GERALD (*tenderly surveying his extremities*). Well, I should certainly miss 'em. You were about to say—er—just what was it you wanted? May I gently bring to your notice the fact that I'm engaged for this next dance? Not that I don't love you, Jack,—but oh, you fox-trot! (*Throws a kiss to the lighted windows.*)

JACK. Don't worry. You can go in a minute. (*Very deliberately.*) What would you do if you found yourself some day in love with a married woman?

GERALD. I? Well, of course if the married woman were my wife ——

JACK. Don't be absurd. If the married woman were not your wife.

GERALD. Well, of course, that would depend entirely upon the size of the other man.

JACK. If she were the wife of a bigger man,—a man ten thousand times better than yourself.

GERALD. You are not meaning me, Jack?

JACK. You? I said a man ten thousand times better than yourself,—meaning myself, of course.

GERALD (*bewildered*). Well, I don't quite get you, Jack, but I can plainly see "it ain't me."

JACK. What would you do about it?

GERALD. Me? I'd—look here, you gay and festive

home-wrecker, I believe you're deliberately trying to make me miss this next dance. By the way, haven't you an appointment with Amy along about now?

JACK. Yes. She is to meet me here at ten-thirty. You knew about this imbecile arrangement then?

GERALD. Sure. Have you forgotten that the conspiracy was conspired in my presence?

JACK. That's so. Well, then, I wish you'd explain to me how in thunder the thing ever happened.

GERALD. Well, when Amy said she'd never been flirted with in all her life everybody set up a howl and we agreed that we would secure the services of the most skilled and accomplished lady-killer to see that she was taken away and flirted with in the latest and most approved method for fifteen minutes. You were unanimously elected for the job. Congratulations.

JACK. You, yourself, not being eligible, I suppose. I just wanted to see,—er—that is,—I just wanted to be sure that you understood the arrangement perfectly.

GERALD. For the love of Mike, you didn't get me out here just for this, did you?

JACK. Why, yes, I suppose so. You see ——

GERALD. Do you always go through this formality before flirting with another man's wife?

JACK. No. Do you? But Amy's different. You see, I really believe she never has been mixed up in a real flirtation, and ——

GERALD. And the little minx is sore about it, I believe. This may be a trap. But I wouldn't worry, Jack. Nobody suspects you of being in love with Amy, do they?

JACK. No, nobody suspects me. But,—supposing I am?

GERALD (*still preoccupied and eager to go*). Am what? Oh, in love with Amy? Well, I don't know as that seems so unlikely to me. She's a very easy person to fall in love with. I can't prevent people falling in love with her, just because I happen to be her husband. Let 'em fall. I wouldn't be surprised if there were thousands in love with her at this very moment.

JACK. Very well. Thanks for having so much confidence in me.

GERALD. Confidence in you? Damned if I have. But I'd bet my last sou on Amy.

JACK. The attitude of you married men to your wives is a mystery to me. You seem so cocksure of them. You seem to think that having married them, having obtained the deed, as it were, your ownership is undisputed, providing you keep up the taxes. But a woman's heart is not a piece of real estate, you know.

GERALD. Sometimes they're made of stone though, I'll swear to that.

JACK. Why, if I had married a girl like—like Amy, for instance, I should be asking her a thousand times a day if she still loved me. I'd be suspicious of every man who looked her way.

GERALD. That's not the present idea in husbands, Jack, not at all.

JACK. Do you suppose I'd turn her over to be flirted with for two minutes by an unscrupulous old bachelor like myself?

GERALD. It's nice to feel dangerous, anyway.

JACK. Or do you think I'd be caught making promises to go on journeys, heaven knows where, with about one chance in a million of getting back alive?

GERALD. Meaning—what I promised Delaven?

JACK. Exactly.

GERALD. Well, I noticed we didn't catch you making any, even without a wife.

JACK. All right, doubt my patriotism if you want to. I'll admit I'm not in a mood to die for my country, nor for anything else, just at present. But when I do, I shall do so stylishly, in a becoming uniform. I shall have a military funeral and all my relatives shall have the satisfaction of knowing I'm dead and saving the newspaper clippings. I have no ambition to percolate out of existence with no glory whether I succeed or not.

GERALD. Nonsense, Jack. It'll never come to anything. Delaven hasn't been seen or heard of since. Just some of his,—his dramatics. He has pussyfooted around in so many million dollar mysteries that he's a little sappy about it. I'm not worrying at all.

JACK. Perhaps you're right. But as I recall it, it had

an awfully premeditated look. Here's Delaven, as we know, head over ears in secret service even before the war began and close mouthed as a tomb about government affairs. Suddenly he displays a great affection for you, Al Barrows and me. Has the three of us in his room—gets strangely confidential—tells us thrilling yarns, fires our patriotism—and when he has us all coming right, what does he say? "If our plans work out as we expect, some man just fitted for the job will have to make an ocean trip and tie the knot at that end of the line. He's got to be young and daring, know the country, speak both French and German. In all probability he will never live to return, but my God, think of the opportunity, the glory ——"

GERALD. And right there I bit.

JACK. You did. Well, did it occur to you that you, Al and I each filled the bill a little too nicely to be accidental?

GERALD. No. I didn't think. I just bit. Lost my head, felt so all-fired patriotic I just yearned to stand up and be shot for my native land. Just the same I tell you I'm not worrying. The world may not owe me a living but it owes me a good time for a while yet, by Jove,—and that reminds me I've missed out on one perfectly good dance. Amy will be here in a moment. In spite of your warnings I dare you to wade in and do your worst. Be just as fascinating as you can.

JACK (*laughing a little*). Oh, all right. I take your dare, confound you, and you can take—the consequences.

GERALD. "Posilutely." I'll also come and take Amy off your hands at ten forty-five. (*He starts to go and then returns.*) Are you feeling perfectly fit, old man? You don't seem quite yourself to-night.

JACK. Why should I be? But you may as well clear out. You can't expect me to make love to Amy with friend husband gibbering in the background.

GERALD. Certainly not, Romeo, but you needn't kick me. I go of my own sweet will. Ta, ta.

(*He laughs. Exit,* L.)

JACK (*looking after him*). Absolutely dense.

Enter BILLY, *the bell boy, from* R.

BILLY. Did you speak, sir?

JACK. Yes. I said—the fog was very dense this evening.

BILLY (*puzzled*). Something wrong, sir. The moon is shinin' for all you're worth and the darkness is as bright as day.

JACK. Right you are, Billy, but the fog I referred to is at sea,—the matrimonial sea.

BILLY. Yes, sir.

JACK. Nothing can penetrate this fog. Neither guns booming, nor fireworks, nor earthquakes. Pirate ships may be lurking near but the smug little craft in the matrimonial fog sails on serenely, unaware of danger.

BILLY (*much disturbed and sidling toward* L. *door*). Yes, sir. I'll get help right away ——

JACK. Here! Come back. Where are you going, Billy?

BILLY (*relieved*). Just the usual rounds. I'm supposed to do it every fifteen minutes.

JACK. Oh, I see. Then presumably you'll be back in a quarter of an hour.

BILLY. Yes, sir. Anything you wanted, sir?

JACK. No,—no. I just thought I might like to know when a quarter of an hour was up.

BILLY. I'll be back right on the dot, sir.

JACK. Very good. See that you do.

BILLY. Not a minute before, sir.

JACK. I hope not.

BILLY. Not a minute late, sir.

JACK. Well, of course, if by any chance you should be unavoidably belated, why, I'll try to overlook it.

(*He gives him a tip.*)

BILLY (*grinning*). I get you, boss. Thank you, sir. [*Exit,* L.

(JACK *walks up and down nervously; looks at his*

watch; seems to be in doubt; then suddenly a look of determined resolution comes into his face; he has made up his mind.)

Enter AMY, L. *She is a pretty young woman, whose heart is true but whose love of romance sometimes leads her into difficulties. She is easily swayed and emotional but always charming.*

AMY. Oh, you're here already. I hope I'm not very late.

JACK. You're not. I was here early. When the gates of Paradise are to be thrown open at ten-thirty one is quite apt to arrive at ten twenty-five, at least.

AMY. Oh, how nice. You're beginning already, aren't you? I'm so excited. (*She sits on davenport under the light.*) Just think of being flirted with exclusively for all of fifteen minutes, and by you of all men. The girls say you do it so beautifully.

JACK. They do, do they? Well, this is flattering, I'm sure, and a bit disconcerting, too. I hope none of them went into details,—exposed my methods, as it were?

AMY. No, not at all. Besides, I wouldn't tell if they had, would I? And besides again, you surely don't use the same methods with all of us, do you?

JACK. Of course I modify them somewhat to suit age, size and previous experience, but on the whole you'd be surprised to see how many fall for the same thing.

AMY. Really?

JACK. Of course your victim must never suspect this. The very first thing is to establish the idea that you have never met any one quite like her before, and so you say, looking deep into her eyes—"Do you know you are so different from all the rest?" Why, I've tried it on fifteen girls the same party and never failed to put it over.

AMY (*much impressed*). Really? How interesting.

JACK. It was at first. But tell me, what made you say no one had ever flirted with you? Was it the truth?

AMY. Yes, indeed. It was like this. After dinner

we were all sitting around and,—but to go back further, to the real beginning. It's hard to find the real beginning of a story, isn't it?

JACK. Yes.

AMY. You start and then you stop and say,—"But before that," and then,—"Oh, I forgot before that" and "Before that" and —— (*She motions with the hand next to* JACK. *As it approaches his face he takes it and kisses it.* AMY *starts and laughs uneasily.*) Oh!—Is that part of it?

JACK. Certainly. Graceful, don't you think?

AMY. Yes, very. Gerald would have dodged and said, "Look out there, you'll stick your finger in my eye." You make me forget where I was.

JACK. You hadn't arrived. You were just going way, way back.

AMY. Oh, yes. To go way, way back. (*She gesticulates with her other hand.*) I was reading a magazine story, and it said that a woman should never resent being flirted with, because it was the most subtle flattery a man could offer. And then I began thinking that of all the men I had ever known, none of them ever flirted with me. We have always been—just good friends.

JACK. How about Gerald?

AMY. Oh, Gerald never flirted with me. He just made love and proposed. That's quite another matter, isn't it?

JACK. Absolutely. But tell me,—doesn't Gerald occasionally indulge nowadays?

AMY. You know he flirts outrageously. But Gerald does *not* approve of flirting with wives or mothers. That is—not your own.

JACK. And aren't you jealous?

AMY. Jealous? Jack, don't you know it isn't being done this year? Not this season. Why, a jealous wife would be as out of date as,—as a horse and buggy. Besides, Gerald only flirts because he can't help it. Just like a kitten playing with its tail.

JACK. I see. And there's no occasion for jealousy when you own the kitten.

AMY. Of course not. Dear me, I'm doing all the talking.

JACK. Go on. I love to hear you. Just being near you is like being immersed in an ocean of delight, and when you speak your voice stirs it to life and sets in motion a million little waves of purest ecstasy.

AMY. Jack! That sounds like a trashy novel. (*She laughs.*) If I should repeat that to Gerald you'd never hear the last of it.

JACK. You have my permission to tell him.

AMY. I couldn't get it straight. Something about swimming, wasn't it?

JACK. That's near enough. And so you said nobody ever flirted with you and I was appointed to make up the deficiency. Picked for my harmlessness, I suppose.

AMY. For the superiority of your performance.

JACK. My reputation exceeds my wildest ambition. Well, little novice in the gentle and mysterious art of flirtation, to begin with ——

AMY. I thought we'd started,—I ——

JACK. To begin with, let us divide our subject into three heads, namely, The Time, The Place, and The Girl. First, Time. Oh, any old time will do. Secondly, Place. Well, any old place will do, too. Thirdly, Girl.

AMY. Any old girl?

JACK. Hardly.

AMY. I came for a demonstration, not a course of instruction.

JACK. Amy, you are the limit. I could never flirt with you.

AMY. Why not?

JACK. Because there are but two attitudes possible for me toward you. That of a safe and sane sort of comradeship, or that of love, real love. (AMY *is troubled and does not know how to take him.*) Strange, isn't it, what the whim of a lot of silly people will bring about? They will get amusement out of it, no doubt; you a new experience; and I—I, who matter not at all to them or to you or to anybody else, I am to have my day at last—for fifteen minutes.

AMY (*distressed*). Listen, Jack, I ——

JACK. Funny, isn't it, that this love stuff must express itself. If you are a bird you sing; if you are an ass you bray. Painters paint pictures, poets write sonnets, some few lucky devils may tell the woman of their choice in simple, plain English. But the poor wretch who loves where he has no right, who can neither sing, nor paint, nor bray,—he must keep his secret year after year, until some day it bursts from his tortured heart, pitifully disguised as a silly flirtation.

AMY (*rising*). Jack, I can't listen to you any longer. You're not amusing. You're terrible. You frighten me, and I haven't the least idea what you are talking about.

JACK. Neither have I. Sounds well, though, don't you think? By Jove, I think it's great. Never did it so well before.

AMY (*on the verge of tears*). Jack,—I don't know what to say to you. I'm,—I'm perfectly furious.

JACK. I didn't mean it, dear. Truly, I didn't mean it.

AMY (*sitting again*). That's what makes me so,—so furious.

JACK (*suddenly losing patience and control of himself*). Amy, you know that I love you. I love you. I have always loved you. I shall die loving you.

AMY (*rising*). Jack, I ——

JACK. Amy ——

(*He takes her in his arms, holds her close a moment, and then kisses her.*)

AMY (*tearing herself away and crossing to* L.). Jack, how awful,—you,—you kissed me. Take me to Gerald.

JACK (*dazed*). Gerald? Who's he?

AMY. Oh, I hate you for it. I don't call this flirting. I call it profanity, to make love like this, and never mean a word of it.

JACK. Well, maybe I do mean it. What if I did mean it, after all?

AMY. Oh, please, please stop.

(*She sinks into chair on* L. *and buries her face in her hands. Her handkerchief falls to the floor.* JACK *picks it up.*)

JACK (*gazing at her helplessly*). Yes, of course. How fortunate that I don't mean—anything.

(*He tenderly slips her handkerchief in his waistcoat.*)

AMY (*raising her face*). Whether you meant it or not you had no right to kiss me. And the worst part of it is that I let you go on till now I just can't rid myself of an awful feeling that perhaps you've been in earnest.

JACK (*after a moment's pause*). Madam flatters me. I told you that a really perfect flirtation should always leave the victim delightfully in doubt. This fifteen minutes' diversion was plainly labeled.

AMY. Thank goodness for that. But you need never flirt with me again. I've had enough. (*Enter* GERALD. AMY *rushes to him.*) Oh, Gerald!

GERALD. Well, people, I gave you two minutes extra.

AMY. Oh, Gerald, he's wonderful. Wonderful, and wicked too. He made such real love to me that he had to tell me twice that he didn't mean it.

GERALD. Indeed? Rather outdid himself, didn't he? Well, much obliged, Jack, you lady-killer, for initiating Amy. By the way, I've been thinking over that little problem of yours, about what to do if you found yourself in love with a married woman.

JACK (*to* AMY). I was asking for a friend, of course.

GERALD. Of course. Well, your friend should go ahead and tell her. I know it isn't ethics but it will give him a lot of satisfaction and won't hurt anybody.

JACK. What's the idea?

GERALD. This is the way I figure it out. If the woman doesn't love her husband then it gives them all one more shake of the dice. Me for bettering things always. If she does love her husband the other man's love-making will roll off like water off a swan. That's the truth, isn't it, Amy?

AMY (*with the slightest hesitancy*). Why, yes,—of course.

JACK (*taking coin from pocket and looking at it*). I believe you're right. Do you see this little penny?

GERALD. I hope it isn't your last.

JACK. A while ago I tossed it into the air to decide whether I should stay away from a certain ordeal, or stay and face it. Heads, I should run; tails, stay. It came heads.

AMY. And so you ran away.

JACK. No,—I stayed. (*He places the coin in* AMY'S *hand.*) Keep it. It may tell you something wonderful some day.

GERALD (*to* AMY). He often talks like this. But he's perfectly harmless. (*To* JACK.) So long, old man, or are you coming in?

JACK. No. I'll smoke a cigarette first.

GERALD. Good-night.

AMY. Good-night, Jack, and thanks for the experience.

(*Exit* GERALD *with* AMY *on his arm,* L. JACK *stands looking after them without moving.*)

Enter BILLY *from* R.

BILLY. Still foggy, sir?

JACK (*taking note of* BILLY *but still more or less absorbed in his own thoughts as he lights a cigarette*). Still foggy. So foggy that a pirate ship has just sunk with all on board, and nobody knows it.

BILLY. Collision?

JACK. Well,—er—yes. Contact, at least, and subsequent explosion. The other craft uninjured, and, in fact, unaware of any accident,—thanks to the fog. Has the fifteen minutes expired, Billy?

BILLY (*grinning hopefully*). Expired and time for the funeral. I was "unavoidably belated," like you wanted.

JACK. All right, Billy. Here. (*Gives him another coin.*) Go and buy yourself a bunch of flowers.

BILLY. 'Salright. Good-night, sir. [*Exit,* R.

Enter AMY, L. *An evening cloak is thrown about her shoulders; she appears hurried and excited.*

AMY. Oh, Jack, just a moment while Gerry is getting

the car. I came because I—I don't know why I came, but some way I couldn't leave without telling you the truth. Gerry isn't right. It doesn't roll off like water and I'm not the little simpleton you think. I've been pretending, Jack. Will you forgive me?

JACK. Forgive?

AMY. I'm so ashamed, but I won't spare myself. I wanted you to tell me all you did, and all the time I knew,—I knew you meant it.

JACK. Amy, you are mad. And if I did mean it, what could that possibly mean to you?

AMY (*in a scared, small voice*). I don't know. (JACK *stares at her a moment, wavers, then suddenly turns, walks away a few steps and stands with his back to her, his hand over his eyes.*) What is it, Jack? What is the matter?

JACK (*recovering*). I,—I was saying my prayers. I always do that when I'm fearfully embarrassed. And I count twenty before swearing,—or is it the other way around?

AMY. I don't know.

JACK. Really, could anything be more embarrassing than to be taken seriously when you have only tried to be clever and amusing?

AMY. Do you think I would be such a little fool if I didn't know? When a man keeps a woman's handkerchief ——

JACK. You are mistaken, my dear.

AMY. Mistaken? Why, the edge of it is sticking out now.

(*She reaches out as if to take it but* JACK *gets it first. He smoothes it carefully and holds it by the corners but is perplexed and baffled and amused at his plight.*)

JACK. Well, you're right. I did, didn't I? It looks that way, doesn't it? The fact is,—I—I am making a collection of them. Yes. Souvenirs, you know. This is the only one I have with an A in the corner, so I know you won't ask me to give it up.

AMY (*angrily*). I shall never forgive you. [*Exit*, L.

(JACK *sinks into chair; presses handkerchief to his lips.*)

Enter BILLY *from* R., *with a card in his hand.*

BILLY (*paging*). Mr. Howe—Mr. Howe ——

JACK. Billy, I was mistaken about that other craft escaping whole. She experienced a severe jolt and the steering apparatus was put out of order—for a moment.

BILLY. Un, un. (*Continues to page.*) Mr. Howe,—Mr. Howe.

JACK. You'd better hurry. He's just leaving in his car.

BILLY (*running to* L.). Mr. Howe,—Mr. Howe.

(*Exit* BILLY, L., *but he returns almost immediately with* GERALD, *who is studying the card and takes it to light.*)

GERALD. Call up Plaza 6428. Who in thunder can that be? (*He tosses the card onto the table.*)

JACK. You know how you can find out.

BILLY. He said he'd hold the line for two minutes.

(*Exit* GERALD, R., *followed by* BILLY.)

(JACK *rises and stands leaning against the table with folded arms. It is evident that he awaits* GERALD'S *return rather tensely.* GERALD *reënters, pale with excitement.*)

GERALD. Jack, I ——

JACK. What's the matter?

GERALD. Delaven!

JACK. Delaven? What does he want?

GERALD. Gave me no time to answer. I am to meet him at three o'clock and the boat leaves some time before noon.

JACK. To-morrow?

GERALD (*after looking at his watch*). Yes.

JACK. It's outrageous. I wouldn't go. He can't hold you to that crazy promise.

GERALD. He doesn't have to. He knows I keep my crazy promises.

JACK. Now look here, old man, you've got to use common sense about this thing. He can't expect you to rush off without any warning ——

GERALD. You are wasting words, Jack, and you know it. Let me think. It is now eleven o'clock. I shall have to go to the office first. Listen. I'll go and tell Amy and send her back here and you can take her home. I'll join you in an hour. Tell Tomkins to pack my big bag, and—don't say anything to Amy about the danger-stuff.

JACK. Trust me, Gerald. (*Exit* GERALD, L.) Well, I'll be damned. (*He sinks into the chair and struggles with his feelings for a moment but he is unable to keep out of his face an expression of elation. He takes out* AMY'S *handkerchief and after looking at it smiles faintly and a little guiltily. Suddenly his manner changes and he becomes seriously thoughtful. He rises, walks back and forth once or twice, then goes to table and picks up card* GERALD *left, looks at it and resolves what to do. He rings for the bell-boy. Enter* BILLY, *from* R.) Billy, Mrs. Howe will be here in a moment. Will you tell her there was a telephone call for her husband and I am answering it? Now, get this straight. A telephone call for her husband and I am answering it. See? Ask her to wait.

BILLY. Yes, sir.

JACK. And listen, Billy. Do you suppose you could get two things into your head at one and the same time?

BILLY. I'd like to try it.

JACK. You know my chauffeur, don't you?

BILLY. Yes, sir.

JACK. Tell him to get my car ready at once and wait for me at the side entrance. See that she's full up and ready for speed.

BILLY. Yes, sir. (*Exit* JACK, R. *To himself.*) Something doing.

Enter AMY, *from* L., *much agitated.*

AMY. Oh, boy, have you seen anything of Mr. Dunlap?

BILLY. Yes, ma'am. He told me to tell you he'd be back directly.

AMY. Thanks.

BILLY. There was a telephone call for Mr. Howe and he's answering it.

AMY. You don't know what it was about, do you?

BILLY. No, ma'am, but I gotta call his car now.

[*Exit*, R.

(AMY *waits in silence with tightly clasped hands and suppressed excitement.*)

Enter JACK, R. *He stands looking at her for a moment. Dance music off stage.*

AMY. What was it, Jack?

JACK. Great news for you, little girl. They just called up Gerry to say that he won't have to go after all.

AMY. Really? Oh, it's too good to be true. He isn't going—he isn't going ——

JACK. No. It seems they found a man really much better fitted for the job, and who is simply cracked to go,—doesn't give a hang whether he comes back or not. Some fellow with a patriotic bug, I suppose.

AMY. Oh, I can never be grateful enough. Do you know, Jack, when Gerry told me this awful thing, I knew it was meant to punish me. I wasn't quite true to Gerry to-night. My head was turned. I just felt reckless,—I —— Oh, I'm a lucky girl. But how is Gerry to know they don't want him?

JACK. I caught the night watchman at the building and told him to send Gerry back here at once. We'll just have time for a dance before he comes.

(*Music up stronger. It is Aufwiedersehn Waltz from "The Blue Paradise."*)

AMY. Oh, they are playing "Auf Wiedersehn." I love it, don't you?

JACK. I shall from to-night. (*He removes her cloak and places it over the back of the seat. As they start to waltz.*) You still have the penny I gave you?

AMY. Yes. Why?

JACK. Nothing. I'd just like to have you keep it, always,—that's all.

AMY. I'll carry it for my lucky-piece,—always.

(*They waltz off stage,* L.)

CURTAIN

TEAM-WORK

A College Comedy in Three Acts

By H. Q. Gallupe and Charles Gott

Prize winner, Pen, Paint and Pretzel Contest, Tufts College, November, 1910

Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours and a quarter. The college course of Bob, the mainstay of the football team, is threatened by his father's ruin, due to the scheming of the uncle and patron of Humphrey, a classmate. Humphrey places his own standing in jeopardy to save his chum and finally saves the situation. This is the backbone of a strong play with very strong and various incidental interests and lots of first class comedy. Good atmosphere, lots of humor, strong characters; can be highly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

STEWART ALMY, "*Toot*," *a member of "Paint and Powder," a dramatic club.*

WILLIAM JEFFERSON JORDAN, "*Shine*," *the playwright, member of "Paint and Powder."*

BOB RICHARDS, *captain of the football team, host at Forest Lodge.*

H. GARDNER HUMPHREY, *football manager.*

FRANK BELL, *electrician for "Paint and Powder."*

BILL BLACK,
JACK BROWN,
TOM WHITE,
SAM GREEN,
} *stage hands for "Paint and Powder."*

MESSENGER BOY.

DOROTHY SPRAGUE,
EDITH RICHARDS, *Bob's sister,*
RUTH SARGENT,
} *Students at Jackson College.*

MRS. HODGKINS, *Bob's aunt, the chaperon.*

AMY SINCLAIR GRANDBY, *a Radcliffe student, Edith's friend.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Dining-room at Forest Lodge, morning.

ACT II.—Same as Act I. Evening of the following day.

ACT III.—Stage of the college gymnasium, on the afternoon preceding the performance of the Paint and Powder play.

THE CRIBBER

A College Comedy in Three Acts

By W. P. McIntosh

Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three easy interiors. Plays an hour and a half. A student finds an examination paper that a professor has mislaid and hides it for temporary safety in another student's desk, where it is found in a search for a lady's letter by a jealous rival. The case looks black against a very popular man for a while, but is finally cleared up. Co-educational piece, with good atmosphere and lots of incidental fun.

Price, 15 cents

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For Thanksgiving Day, Washington's Birthday, Patriots' Day, and for general use

Eleven easy and popular entertainments for children of all ages and both sexes, and suited to a great variety of occasions. All contain all necessary music that is not easily accessible and diagrams of all the drills and marches that are described. Where the costumes offer any difficulty, as in the case of the Colonial entertainments, patterns are given so that these may be easily contrived at home.

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The Thanksgiving Feast. For 14 boys and 6 girls.
"Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater." For 1 little boy and 1 little girl.
The Minute Men. For 16 small boys.
Priscilla. For 10 boys and 10 girls.
Scenes From Hiawatha. For use by the whole school.
The All-America Eleven. For 12 boys.
The Wings of Mignonette. For 8 girls.
The Dolls' Frolic. For 2 boys and 3 girls.
The Golden Goose. For 10 boys and 4 girls.
Dorothy's Birthday. For 9 boys and 8 girls.
The Lost Children. For 7 boys, 5 girls and chorus.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

Entertainments for Every Month in the Year

Sixteen entertainments for children of various ages and both sexes, written by an experienced teacher and intended to meet the wants of other teachers. Costumes are easily arranged, and full descriptions are given as well as music and illustrative diagrams.

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"Happy New Year." For 6 boys, 6 girls and a little child.
The Rail Splitters. For 12 small boys.
Valentines. For 6 girls and 6 boys, or 12 girls.
George and Martha Washington. For 6 boys and 6 girls.
The March Hare. For 8 boys.
April Weather. For 4 boys and 4 girls.
May Flowers. For 14 little girls.
"June Time." For 14 girls.
A Firecracker Drill. For 10 small boys.
The Stars and Stripes. For 16 girls.
Labor Day. For 6 boys and chorus.
"Berries Red." For 10 little girls.
Autumn Leaves. For 8 little girls.
The First Thanksgiving. For 12 small boys.
Christmas Bells. For 9 small boys.
A Winter Night's Frolic. For 12 small boys.

CLUB AND LODGE-ROOM ENTERTAINMENTS

For Floor or Platform Use

Price, 25 cents

CONTENTS

A Ribbon Race. Any number, males or females or both.
A Variety Contest. Any number, males or females or both.
The Shamrock Minstrels. For 4 males, 3 females and chorus.
Apollo's Oracle. Any number, males or females.
Plantation Bitters. For 9 males and 8 females.
Gulliver and the Lilliputians Up-To-Date. For 10 males.
Dame History's Peep Show. Any number, males or females.
The Broom Drill. For 16 characters, male or female or both.

COMEDY SKETCHES

By Julian Sturgis

A collection of short plays suited for amateur theatricals or high-class vaudeville, easy to produce and of high quality. Recommended especially for parlor performance.

CONTENTS

APPLES. One male, one female.
FIRE FLIES. One male, one female.
HEATHER. One male, one female.
PICKING UP THE PIECES. One male, one female.
HALF-WAY TO ARCADY. One male, one female.
MABEL'S HOLY DAY. Two males, one female.

Twenty minutes each.

Price, 25 cents

IN OFFICE HOURS

And Other Sketches

By Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland

CONTENTS

IN OFFICE HOURS. Comedy Sketch in One Act, five males, four females.
A QUILTING PARTY IN THE THIRTIES. Outline Sketch for Music, six males, four females, and chorus.
IN AUNT CHLOE'S CABIN. Negro Comedy Sketch in One Act, seventeen female characters and "supers."
THE STORY OF A FAMOUS WEDDING. Outline Sketch for Music and Dancing, six males, four females.

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THE SOUP TUREEN

And Other Duologues

A collection of short plays for two and three characters. Good quality, high tone and confidently offered to the best taste.

CONTENTS

THE SOUP TUREEN. One male, two females.
LELIA. One male, one female.
THE UNLUCKY STAR. Two males.
THE SERENADE. Two females.

Play twenty minutes each.

Price, 25 cents

HOLIDAY DIALOGUES FROM DICKENS

Arranged by W. E. Fette

Comprising selections from "The Christmas Carol," "The Cricket on the Hearth," "The Battle of Life," etc., arranged in a series of scenes to be given either singly or together, as an extended entertainment. For the celebration of Christmas no better material can be found.

Price, 25 cents

CUPID'S PARTNER

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Twelve female characters. Costumes, modern ; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours. An exceptionally clever, sympathetic, sincere and interesting piece of its kind. Mrs. Freeland's great sacrifice for her daughter's sake, and Sybil Harlow's struggle with circumstances and its reward are knit into a story of great dramatic strength. Capital Irish comedy part and an excellent six year old part that may be made very funny. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

SYBIL HARLOW.
PANSY HARLOW, *her sister, six years old.*
HELEN FREELAND.
BEATRICE MONTFORT, ETHEL RICHARDS } *Hereford College girls.*
MURIEL AUSTIN.
MRS. FREELAND.
MRS. JARDINE.
MRS. MULCAHEY.
EVA MULCAHEY.
DANDELION MUGG.
MISS HILL.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. Mrs. Freeland's room in Mrs. Mulcahey's lodging house.
ACT II. Dent's Japanese Tea-room. Valentine's Day.
ACT III. Same as Act I. Two hours later.

HER FIRST ASSIGNMENT

A Comedy in One Act

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Ten female characters. Costumes, modern ; scene, an interior. Plays an hour. "Billy" Gordon, a young lady reporter, assigned to interview the great Mrs. Folinsbee and finding that she is not coming to the function where she is expected, assumes her character to oblige the hostess, only to have the real Mrs. F. turn up a little later. Very lively and funny. Strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

THREE DEAR FRIENDS

A Comedietta in One Act

By Katharine Metcalf Roof

Four female characters. Costumes, modern ; scene, an interior. Plays twenty minutes. Originally produced at Keith's Bijou Theatre, Boston. A pretty little piece. Mildred is made the confidant of both Peggy and Eva as to the progress of their love affair with Arthur Chisholm, and finally has to explain that she is herself engaged to that desirable gentleman. Sure to be popular.

Price, 15 cents

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Price, 50 Cents Each

MID-CHANNEL Play in Four Acts. Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays two and a half hours.

THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH Drama in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE PROFLIGATE Play in Four Acts. Seven males. five females. Scenery, three interiors, rather elaborate; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS Farce in Three Acts. Nine males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY Play in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

SWEET LAVENDER Comedy in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Scene, a single interior, costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE THUNDERBOLT Comedy in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Scenery, three interiors; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE TIMES Comedy in Four Acts. Six males, seven females. Scene. a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE WEAKER SEX Comedy in Three Acts. Eight males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening.

A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE Comedy in Three Acts. Five males, four females. Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays a full evening.

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THE RIVALS Comedy in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

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